

careless and naive as to help in the promotion of these foreign agents to some of the most responsible posts in the country.

Svetlana would do well to refresh her memory by reading, for instance, Yuri Zhukov's recent book *Men of the Thirties* describing the devastating effect this Stalin speech had on those very "men of the Thirties" who were devoting themselves heart and soul to the Five-Year Plans, and the industrialization of the Soviet Union. From that moment on nobody could trust anybody, nobody could be sure that he would not be denounced as a "wrecker" by somebody else trying to save his own skin, and that he would not be arrested, deported or shot within a few days.

Much of the book is devoted to describing the various members of the Alliluyev and Svanidze family; Svanidze being the name of Stalin's first wife, and Alliluyev that of his second wife. Most of them came to a sticky end, except grandfather and grandmother Alliluyev. Sergei Alliluyev was a curious mixture of the old-time revolutionary and the St. Petersburg intellectual, and was an old friend of Stalin. In 1917 both Stalin and Lenin stayed secretly in the Alliluyevs' flat in Petrograd. But Anna, one of Svetlana's aunts, was arrested in 1948, after she had written some "impertinent" reminiscences of her acquaintance with both Lenin and Stalin in 1917.

Her husband, Stanislav Redens, a Polish-born Cheka official and former assistant to Dzerzhinsky, and so the husband of Stalin's sister-in-law, was shot—presumably on Beria's initiative—but with the fullest approval of Stalin. Similarly, Alexander Svanidze, Stalin's brother-in-law by his first marriage, was shot at the age of sixty; Stalin's elder son, Yakov, was taken prisoner by the Germans and shot by them towards the end of the war; but his wife, though completely innocent, was kept in prison from 1941 to 1943 as an accomplice in his "betrayal"; Vasilii Alliluyev, Svetlana's brother, an air-force general, drank himself to death in 1962. Many other members of Stalin's own family went insane, perished in the purges, or spent at

least many years in camps and prisons.

Svetlana does not explain how all this happened, but suggests that it was somehow all Beria's doing. She even goes so far as to deny Khrushchev's allegations that Stalin was directly responsible for the deaths of Orjonikidze and Kirov, by saying that it was Beria who had driven the one to suicide and had organized the murder of the other. This "it was all Beria's fault" is, indeed, a convenient formula which, back in 1955, that is, before the Twentieth Congress, Khrushchev himself liked to use—for instance, in apologizing to Tito during his visit to Belgrade in 1955 for the Soviet-Yugoslav breach of 1948. This formula *de politesse* is, surely, a little antiquated nearly twelve years after the Twentieth Congress. As a new "contribution to history" it is quite worthless.

Much space is also devoted to Svetlana's book to her mother Nadya, Stalin's second wife, who committed suicide on November 9, 1932, when Svetlana was only six and a half years old. The case is carefully examined in Isaac Deutscher's *Stalin*; here the question is left open whether Nadya really committed suicide, or was murdered by Stalin in a fit of rage. Svetlana flatly denies the murder theory, and probably rightly so; but her examination of the reasons why Nadya committed suicide is less thorough than Deutscher's. Although she vaguely refers to a letter (since destroyed) that Nadya left behind and which contained "not only personal, but also political accusations", she attributes her mother's suicide chiefly to her disappointment in Stalin and in his failure to become a New Man; moreover, Svetlana seems to attach undue importance to a personal quarrel between Stalin and his wife: At the banquet... my father merely said to her: "Hey, you! Have a drink!" And she screamed: "Don't you dare talk to me like that!" She got up and ran from the table.

That same night she shot herself. Deutscher explains this suicide as a perfectly conscious protest against all the horrors and atrocities that accom-

panied the collectivization which was going on just at that time. Whether there were any references to collectivization in the letter Nadya wrote before killing herself, Svetlana does not say, apart from vaguely referring to "political accusations".

What she dwells on instead is the very bad effect Nadya's death had on Stalin who apparently, in spite of everything, was genuinely attached to her. He became more suspicious than ever and looked for "culprits". One day he blamed her brother Pavel for having brought her from Berlin the tiny revolver with which she shot herself; the next day he put the blame on Michael Arlen's *Green Hat* which she had just been reading; and at other times he attributed Nadya's death to the "bad influence" of Zhemchuzhina, Molotov's wife—who was indeed to be arrested, for no obvious reason, many years later.

However, for some years after Nadya's death, life went on much as before at Zubalovo, the *dacha* where Nadya had reigned supreme, except that gradually the "servants" were replaced by more-or-less disguised NKVD employees and officials. Stalin, dividing his time between the Kremlin and Kuntsevo (where he was now living alone) was meanwhile getting more and more deeply involved in the purges, and had become completely merciless. At the height of the Army purge in 1938, Pavel Alliluyev, a military man and Svetlana's uncle,

came to my father again and again to plead for colleagues of his in the Army who'd been swallowed up in the giant wave. It never did good. . . . When he got back from Sochi he found that every one of his colleagues had disappeared. . . . Pavel dropped dead of a heart attack in his office. It was also in 1938 that "Alexander Svanidze and his wife and my aunt Anna's husband, Stanislav Redens, had all been arrested". Redens was shot soon afterwards, in spite of his wife's desperate appeal to Stalin. According to Aunt Anna: My father would not tolerate the slightest attempt to change his mind about anybody. Once he . . . had mentally relegated somebody to the ranks of his enemies, it was impossible even to talk to him about that person any more.

Later Anna, too, was to be arrested. In 1937 Svetlana, though only a schoolgirl of eleven, had NKVD "guards" attached to her; her

meals were brought from the Kremlin to her at school and she had to eat them separately from her school-mates. But she saw a great deal of Stalin during those pre-war years. He then lived at Kuntsevo, but had his evening meal at the Kremlin, where he was joined by Svetlana and her brother Vasilii. During those years we used to see each other often. [They] leave me with the memory of his love. . . . It all collapsed when the war came. As I got older there were conflicts and differences of opinion. . . . But in those years I loved him tenderly, as he loved me.

Svetlana quotes several baby-talk letters from Stalin to herself, in which he addressed her as "Little Sparrow" and the like and signed *Tvoi Papouchka* (Your little daddy). All this at a time when hundreds of thousands of Russians were being arrested, deported or shot.

The first major row between Stalin and his daughter came in 1943 over Alexei Kapler; Svetlana declares that she and the 30-year-old film director only "kissed", whereas Stalin, slapping her face, described their relations by a much stronger and coarser verb. Anyway, Kapler was sent for five years to Vorkuta, beyond the Arctic Circle, where he was, however, allowed to work in a theatre. On his illicit return to Moscow he was re-arrested and sent to a camp. He has now been back in Moscow for several years.

Both during and after the war, Stalin saw very little of his children, and some of his grandchildren he did not deign to see at all. After the Kapler "scandal" and Svetlana's marriage to Morozov—which also greatly displeased him (perhaps because both Kapler and Morozov were Jews)—Svetlana's relations with her father greatly deteriorated; however, he welcomed her second marriage to Yuri Zhdanov; not that this lasted either: Svetlana found the Zhdanov household particularly unpleasant, with its self-righteous "party spirit" combined with "acquisitive bourgeois instincts". Oddly enough, she has nothing to say about her father-in-law, Andrei Zhdanov, who died soon after she had married his son, even though, as a person, there was mighty little to choose between her father-in-law and Beria.

The story, as told in the 20 Letters,

ends in 1963. One of the letters concludes with the words: No matter how cruel and harsh our life may be, no matter how often we stumble and are hurt. . . . no one who loves Russia in his heart will ever betray her or give her up, or run away in search of material comfort.

This passage is accompanied by an embarrassed footnote to the effect that, in 1963, she "and everybody else" still hoped that "real democracy" would triumph in Russia. In other words, she could endure the "cruelty and harshness" under Stalin and even under Khrushchev, but could not stand much harm as the Senator had feared. And the situation in the Dominican Republic (not, as the British press almost unanimously has pointed out, calling it, Dominica, thus rendering an innocent British colony) has not been totally disastrous.

As a family chronicle Svetlana's book is of some interest; as an "inside the Kremlin" story, it amounts to very little; as a half-hearted defence of Stalin (she even says that he did not believe in the "Doctors Plot", which he himself had engineered), it is totally unconvincing. The "positive" aspects of Stalin's leadership during the war and his skilful and cunning diplomacy during and after the war—many are not mentioned. Apart from her constant abuse of Beria, she has also nothing to say about any of the other important Soviet leaders she personally knew—Molotov, Malenkov, Mikoyan, Kaganovich, Zhdanov, Khrushchev and the rest. Yet to anyone interested in the dark years of Stalinism, these people matter far more than all the Alliluyevs and Svanidzes put together. The book's only virtue lies in the fact that it was written by Stalin's daughter.

Mr. Martin Ebon's little paperback, though suffering from minor inaccuracies, forms a useful appendix to 20 Letters to a Friend. It tells the story of Svetlana's flight from India to the United States to Italy and Switzerland, of the role played in this journey by the CIA, Mr. George Kennan, and others. Mr. Ebon does not rate highly Svetlana's future as a writer, though his brand of lush journalism does inspire confidence in his literary judgment.

It is very different when we turn to Vietnam. Here the Senator reproaches the President. For Senator Fulbright supported the famous Gulf of Tonkin resolution in which many of the reasons given for the intervention were based on misleading information, the Senator, apart from Senator Morse and Senator Gruening, gave, whether they meant it or not, a blank cheque to President Johnson. Since then, the United States has been drawn further and further into a war which it was waged against both by General MacArthur and by his successor General Matthew Ridgway, a war which no one wants and which, starting as a version of the Mexican expedition of Napoleon III, is getting more like the Spanish ulcer of Napoleon I.

It is this situation which endangers the peace of the world, and endangers perhaps destroys the international position of the United States. Senator Fulbright, with great wisdom, suggests a policy by which the United States could defuse the increasingly dangerous time-bomb which is still ticking away and possibly ticking faster than ever. The Senator insists that the main business is to reduce the problems like German unification which are approached as a means of reducing the tensions rather than as an end in itself. For the isolating of certain problems and even their solution might, in fact, increase tensions. In order to reduce tensions, the United States must shed "the arrogance of power". It is in his analysis of that arrogance, and of the dangers even crimes it has led the United States to, that the Senator preaches the most effective sermon. He asks, and he is asking

a great deal of the Johnson Administration and the American people, that they should develop empathy with the people of Vietnam, with the Chinese, with the Russians. One is tempted to say, with the human race. He wants the United States to offer to the Soviet Union many kinds of political cooperation (and not to waste resources in a moon race). He wants foreign aid to be channelled through international organs and the United States to be content to do without effusive gratitude. He asks his countrymen to consider how they would like to have their affairs managed, possibly even improved in management, by superior outsiders obviously taking them over, no doubt for their own good, but certainly with very little consideration for their feelings.

One of the examples he gives of a possible American reaction to having an institution taken over and remodelled for the general good is a possible proposal to get German experts to take over and run the New Haven Railroad. How completely this goes to the heart of the question only Americans or, indeed, only customers of the New Haven can fully understand.

Senator Fulbright answers very convincingly the charge that what he is preaching is a "new isolationism". It is not that, but it is a refusal to believe that all the world's problems can or should be solved by the United States. There are many things that the United States can do which perhaps it should not do, and there are many things it simply cannot do. Nor is he impressed with the argument that the United States must not lose face in Vietnam. He even dares to suggest that the United States should take the advice of General de Gaulle (who ranks at the moment as almost as much of a fabulous monster as Chairman Mao or Ho Chi-minh in the American demography). He can be bluntly ironical in contemplating some of the most belligerent publicists in the United States. He notes that the famous hearings of his committee that he called in 1966 to discuss policy in Thailand produced a violent attack from Mr. Joseph Alsop "in an obviously over-excited condition because, no doubt, of the war".

Senator Fulbright is not totally devoid of hope for his country and for the world. He notes that the United States has now a very large population of young people who do not share the fears, or possibly the overweening ambitions, of their elders. He takes over from Professor Galbraith the theory of three generations, and the least hopeful of these generations is the middle generation, the realists of the 1950s, the hard-boiled nuclear theorists, who can calculate "acceptable" levels of "megadeaths". For what Georges Bernanos called in another connexion *ces petits nuistes réalistes*, even for their eminent professors, even a professor at Harvard, Senator Fulbright has no use. He puts his hope in the nearly sixty million people born in the United States since the end of the Second World War, an increase of population greater than the total population of France or Britain. Domestic problems of the

United States are overwhelmingly important and may indeed overwhelm the United States, if many more resources are diverted to building a dyke in South-east Asia against a Chinese power that may itself be crumbling. The United States in Latin America, for instance, is very largely defending social structures that are morally indefensible, and probably in the not very long run, practically indefensible (the parallel with South Arabia may strike some British readers). Addressed mainly to his countrymen, and addressed to them less as lectures given in the Johns Hopkins University than as the kind of instruction about the realities of power that he feels that the Senate should give to the White House as well as to the American people, this book is a brilliant tract for the times. But it is also a tract for our times as long as we are the most trusted ally of the United States or, at any rate, of the Johnson Administration.

This is a tract for the times in more than that it is an attack on the foreign policy of the United States. It is especially timely for us since it recalls to the forgetful British public the realities of the American constitutional system. It is perfectly true that power has been sliding down an inclined plane from the Hill to the White House for a very long time. It is probably true that Senator Fulbright does not think he can do more than delay this transfer of power and do more than restore the function of the Senate as a place in which the policies of the United States are at least debated and explained with less of a credibility gap than is involved in White House press conferences. It is easy, contemplating presidential power, to murmur "No Winter shall abate this Spring's increase".

In a sense, this is true. For the reasons given by Senator Fulbright, the presidential initiative and power of sudden decision cannot and, indeed, should not be taken away. But it is educational for the President to have to justify, even if after the event, his decisions. It is also educational for the American people. And it is one of the paradoxes of the present situation that President Johnson owed his whole political career and fame to his legendary skill as a Senate manager and "undertaker" and yet has become so singularly unsuccessful in this role. (It is now not only a matter of managing the Senate, for the House Foreign Affairs Committee is far more important than it was in the days of Sol Bloom.) Senator Fulbright is not—and does not try to be—an autocrat like Henry Cabot Lodge I packing the Senate Committee. He has far more support in the Senate than has yet been publicly disclosed; and it is largely due to him that the role of a loyal opposition has fallen so much to members of the President's own party, and that the President can rely far more on Senator Dirksen, the Republican leader, than on Senators Fulbright, Mansfield, Clark and the rest. And since it is most important that we should understand the reality of the American political system, this book has a double value for today and tomorrow.

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World Affairs

FIGHTING FOR THE HILL

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT: *The Arrogance of Power*. 264pp. Cape. 30s.

Senator Fulbright's latest book, *The Arrogance of Power*, has a double importance. It is another shot in his campaign against the foreign policy of the Johnson Administration and he has long passed the time of ranging shots, near misses, and the rest. He is now on target. His book suffers a little, it is possible to argue, from the fact that the Senator has so many disciples, and there is an obvious similarity in *The Arrogance of Power* and Ronald Steel's *Pax Americana*. The Senator, as befits one in his position, is slightly less savage and slightly less contemptuous of the accepted wisdom of the White House and the State Department. But the politeness of his manner does not conceal the depth of his dislike and even contempt for American foreign policy and a degree of disillusionment with the leadership of his own party.

But equally important—perhaps more important and more novel to an English reader—is the revelation of the clash of powers in the American constitutional system. Senator Fulbright holds the very important and, to us, rather mysterious office of Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. It is an office that many eminent men have held. It is an office that has been held by men who perhaps did not, in the long run, increase their prestige with the office: for example, Charles Sumner, Henry Cabot Lodge I, and William A. Borah. It has, of course, been held by nonentities. It has been almost totally eclipsed by forceful Presidents like Woodrow Wilson and F. D. Roosevelt. But the office remains—and the residue of power.

But Senator Fulbright is not content with the residue of power left

to him and his committee. He wants to redress the imbalance of power which has grown up in Washington. From the beginning, there has been a clash between the White House and "the Hill". Senator Fulbright makes a lot of the failure of President Johnson to notice the duty of the Senate to "advise and consent" to the projects of the Executive. But this breakdown in the formal organization of American foreign policy dates back to President Washington. There have been oscillations between the power of the Executive and the power of the Senate. In a famous passage in *The Education of Henry Adams*, John Hay, a flashy if not very successful Secretary of State, complained bitterly of the way he was treated by the Senate of his time. His sympathetic and uncritical friend Adams noted: The fathers had intended to neutralize the energy of government and had succeeded, but their machine was never meant to do the work of a twenty-million horsepower society in the twentieth century, where much work needed to be quickly and efficiently done.

It was a one-sided view, and very soon, by their ingenuity and disregard of the letter and perhaps the spirit of the Constitution, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson transferred power from the Hill to the White House. There were oscillations after that. The Senate got its revenge on Wilson. It sometimes thwarted Franklin Delano Roosevelt. But the whole trend in this century has been towards the uncontrolled exercise of presidential power. In this dangerous age, some transfer of power was inevitable. Senator Fulbright recognizes this.

The cause of the change is crisis. The President has the authority and resources

to make decisions and take action in emergency; the Congress does not. In my opinion, should the proper responsibilities of the Congress be restored, the country would be better served. . . . This situation is not fundamentally the fault of individuals. It is primarily the result of events and the problem is not one of apportioning blame but of finding a way to restore the constitutional balance of power. It is in his analysis of that arrogance, and of the dangers even crimes it has led the United States to, that the Senator preaches the most effective sermon. He asks, and he is asking

Although Senator Fulbright was a distinguished academic and perhaps has banked, from time to time, after British solutions to the problem (and not President Truman once doing that) Senator Fulbright had been brainwashed as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford? This is a far from accurate book. It is a call to action and to immediate action. For as Senator Fulbright sees, the situation, the United States has been led deeper and deeper into the quagmire of Vietnam not only by the usurpations of President Johnson, but by the President's own bad faith. The President's own Secretary of State, Dean Rusk (the too a Rhodes scholar).

Senator Fulbright goes back to the various examples of the failure of the Executive to be competent in its dealings with the Senate. We learn that President Kennedy consulted (of course with others) Senator Fulbright on the issue of Pigs, but that the consultation was more or less accidental. . . . The only Senator consulted was the only Senator who was not a good advisor which was not proved right when the President had been so disastrously wrong.

to make decisions and take action in emergency; the Congress does not. In my opinion, should the proper responsibilities of the Congress be restored, the country would be better served. . . . This situation is not fundamentally the fault of individuals. It is primarily the result of events and the problem is not one of apportioning blame but of finding a way to restore the constitutional balance of power. It is in his analysis of that arrogance, and of the dangers even crimes it has led the United States to, that the Senator preaches the most effective sermon. He asks, and he is asking

peasant woman from the Mekong Delta: a North Vietnamese serving in the South Vietnamese Army, a Catholic refugee from a Vietnamese area, a South Vietnamese doctor-politician, a mongering woman, a thirteen-year-old orphan, a young monk. . . . South Vietnamese infantryman, a Vietcong cadre who surrendered to some extent, these people are allowed to speak for themselves; the doctor shows himself as a nauseating toady who got all he could in the way of education from the French and is just as ready to make political fortune out of the Americans; the North Vietnamese in the signal corps "because it was safest", but his chief concern is the money he is making—one and a half times his army pay—by renting rooms to American soldiers and their concubines. But most of the stories would be meaningless without a good deal of background political and historical information, which Mrs. Sheehan supplies in simplified form from the

VICTIMS OF WAR

Susan Sheehan: *Ten Vietnamese*. 204pp. Cape. 25s.

Susan Sheehan, who is on the staff of the New Yorker, is the wife of Ted Sheehan of the New Yorker. In 1965 Mr. Sheehan was captured and for the first time, to his wife, however, came to the country: with no daily life of her own to file, she spent most of her time travelling the country, with an interpreter, seeking out and interviewing Vietnamese of various tribes, backgrounds, and professions. . . . It was these people I've heard called "the 95 per cent who don't count" who interested me, for the war is being fought over them and they are the participants and chief victims. Her book is based on the interviews she conducted, over a period of about nine months, before she decided that Vietnam was no place for American women and children. . . . The material could not have been obtained without considerable personal discomfort and considerable courage. The ten Vietnamese chosen are a

standard American version. About half of the first, fifth and last interviews and smaller proportions of the others consist of this kind of augmentation. Occasionally the authoress shows her own claws. The young monk, she says, "has heard of Thich Tri Quang, the leader of the militant Mahayana monks, but he has not seen him wolf down Hershey chocolate kisses throughout the day: many foreign journalists who have interviewed Tri Quang have". In the same way a good deal of the interview with the North Vietnamese soldier consists of information which he is said not to know, much of it damaging to his own side: conversely the author does not always correct her subjects' mistakes when they reflect credit on the United States, whose activities in Vietnam before 1965 are scarcely mentioned. The book is readable in spite of a curiously false-naïve style, and it sheds a good deal of light on conditions of life in South Vietnam. Mrs. Sheehan's own contributions must be treated with caution.

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(Vernon C. Hees' paper on the evolution of the galaxy)

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Dr. André Leroi-Gourhan is Director of the Museum of Ethnology in Munich, where he has organised a series of outstanding exhibitions of primitive art. He is the author of *The Age of the Hunter* a history of the thought, art and religion of the earliest human societies.

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MAN AND THE RENAISSANCE
Andrew Martindale is Senior Lecturer in the School of Fine Arts at the University of East Anglia. His published works include *Gothic Cathedrals*.

THE AGE OF BAROQUE
Michael Kitson is Senior Lecturer in the History of Art at the Courtauld School of Art, London University. He has written books on English painting and J. M. W. Turner.

THE MODERN WORLD
Northern Lytton is Head of the School of Art History and General Studies at Chelsea School of Art, London. He is author of a monograph on Paul Klee, and is co-author of *The Impressionist and the Impressionist Movement*.

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Fiction

BACK NUMBERS

RICHARD ALDINGTON: *Soft Answers*. 242pp. £2 8s. ZELDA FITZGERALD: *Save Me The Waltz*. 225pp. £2 16s. Southern Illinois University Press. London: Felfer and Simmons.

Even in these days of fervent revivalism, there are books which have dropped from sight. The middle distance, of a generation back, remains the dearest of dead ground—neither history quite nor, certainly, contemporary either. It is to scan these neglected ranks, and to reissue chosen texts in trustworthy editions, that *Crosscurrents/Modern Fiction* was instituted.

Harry T. Moore is prospector-in-chief: Matthew J. Bruccoli, the textual editor. This collaboration itself, however, is oddly at cross-currents. For while the head is kept deliberately on the light side, the tail-piece is weighed with "Emendations in the Copy-Texts" and "Collations". Professor Moore's introductions, that is, are adequate if somewhat curiously—curtain-raiser to jolly the reader on to delights ahead—while Professor Bruccoli's notes at the rear reveal the full pressure of academic purposefulness with cautions on "whether certain editions of the line hyphenations" are "to be treated as compounds or single words", &c.

These latest additions to the series were both first published in 1932. *Soft Answers*, at a glance, seems a dubious candidate. Stock archetypes inhabit these tales—the complete bachelor, the cocktail circuit divorcee, the talented young man from way out West; and much of the satire. They are not so much tales, in fact, as blown up sketches, cartoonists' formulas to caricature the times. But even formulas, like the "types" or "humours" of an earlier century, contrive to mirror something of the times.

These sketches, however, were not chosen entirely for their own sake, but for their well known lampoons on various contemporaries—namely Ezra Pound, Nancy Cunard and T. S. Eliot. Ezra Pound (alias Charlemagne Cox) apparently did not mind. T. S. Eliot (alias Jeremy Pratt Sybba, a recent befitting of the Roman Curia) did. As recently as 1965 he called the piece "a cruel and unkind", though all was forgiven, it seems, in the end; and through the cross of years nothing was left "but feelings of friendliness and regard" (Richard Aldington: *An Intimate Portrait*). Why then reprint it now? Both pieces, reread today, seem childish and desperately long-winded.

Of Zelda Fitzgerald's one and only novel—written, in hospital, in a single inspired rush of six weeks—there can be no question! Despite a British reissue in 1953, the book has

not been widely available. It remains an interesting adjunct to her husband's *Tender is the Night* (which appeared two years later, covering much the same ground) and thus inevitably forms a footnote to the F. Scott Fitzgerald canon.

But it was precisely from the status of footnote that both Zelda and her novel needed rescuing: David's success was his own—he had earned his right to be critical—Alabama felt that she had nothing to give to the world and no way to dispose of what she took away.

The hope of entering Diaghilev's ballet boomed before her like a protecting cathedral. David, alias Amory Blaine, was Scott himself. Alabama Beggs, was Zelda—who had something to give posterity, after all. Her narrative may be slipshod, moving awkwardly from tableau to tableau: the American South, New York, Long Island, the South of France, Paris, Naples, Switzerland. Her style tends to be highly charged, incandescent with verbal fireworks. As in some autobiographical novels, the pressure of memory does violence to both shape and language. And, like all novices, she is often pretentious. But her eyes and ears were rapacious. She presents the living texture of the age, its inconsequent chatter and shifts of sensation. Her picture of a Russian ballet school in Paris is particularly memorable.

For Zelda, New York's *prima flapper assoluta*, in all else felt herself to be a failure. As a novelist's wife she desperately sought success in painting, ballet, and finally, during a nervous breakdown in the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, in fiction, too.

By the time a person has achieved years adequate for choosing a direction, the die is cast and the moment has long since passed which determined the future. We grew up founding our dreams on the infinite promise of American advertising. I still believe that one can learn to play the piano by mail and that mud will give a perfect complexion.

She was to learn, not by mail, as it turned out, but her husband's art from her husband. And though, in the final analysis, Scott Fitzgerald was right in judging the novel "a bad book", it still brims with life, revealing more than most contemporary tours of a decade when "people were tired of the proletariat—everybody was famous", and "all the other people who weren't well known had been killed in the war..."

BURYING THE PANGA

ROBIN BROWN: *A Forest is a Long Time Growing*. 240pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

This novel is a kind of prophetic fantasy-cum-thriller, set in a Rhodesia of the perhaps not too distant future. Two years have elapsed since the holocaust of a race war. The country, nominally under United Nations control, is now the Protectorate of Zimbabwe. The place is in a shambles. Cities and Bulawayo are the great cities and the rugged hills and the many clinkings of modern machinery no longer to be heard from the verandah of the suburban houses.

But it is all ill of change that blows no good. The Blacks, exhausted though victorious, and the few remaining whites, have decided to bury the panga and put away the machine-gun. Together they are struggling to bring a viable new multi-racial state to birth. Their aim is thwarted, however, by the terrorist activities of a group of Chinese-brain-washed conspirators, operating from the remote mountain forests. It is rooted out, obviously the U.M., on the grounds that there is too much justice in the country; will not give its blessing to the coming independence election.

The job of tracking down the terrorists is shared by Sam du Plessis, the

improbable mixture of Afrikaans farmer and crypto-intellectual; Rory Gentleman, the narrator, a young man of flip sensitivity who has come back to the country after unsuccessfully trying to become a priest; and Joe Burundi, an educated army officer who is anxious to prove that Africans really are equal. Also on the tracking expedition is Dom Lenti, an enigmatic Jew of Russian origin who is a specialist in brain-washing techniques and who turns out (creakily predictable) to be one of the master minds behind the terrorists.

Robin Brown moves his story along at a fair pace, and occasionally achieves remarkable vividness of scene and action. The ghostly atmosphere of post-holocaust Salisbury is well imagined, and the chase after the terrorist killer comes through effectively enough, although too often phrases and images are sprayed around in the way a hunter uses buckshot. There is something dubious, too, about some of the book's racial attitudes. The hero of the piece is a big, strong, honest Afrikaner, the villain a cold, clever Jew. And then there are the inscrutable men of Peking, stirring it all up.

BLACK SEASIDE

VALERIE TARSIS: *The Pleasure Factory*. Translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny. 224pp. Collins and Harvill Press. 2s.

Seven years ago, so the story goes, a British journalist agreed, at Tarsis's request, to smuggle a suitcase stuffed with his manuscripts out of Russia and have them translated and published in the West. This is being done—but with no unseemly haste: until recently only two brief works, *The Bluebottle* and *Red and Black*, had been given us. (Ward 7, which gave Tarsis his notoriety, was not part of the original consignment.) *The Pleasure Factory*, of the dimensions of a short novel, is very similar in trend and tone to the two earlier stories—earlier only in the sense that they were published earlier over here: it is hard to tell, except from tenuous internal evidence, at what date *The Pleasure Factory* was written, and what stage in the development of Soviet society it purports to reflect. Tarsis, as a social critic, belongs to what must constitute in the country of his birth the lunatic fringe, the extreme right wing; if he has one constant obsessive bugbear it is the oppressiveness of officialdom under a communist regime. "If ever people do start living decently," says one of his characters, "it'll be because they're richer—although I don't suppose they'll ever get that far, the bureaucrats will always suck them dry." The "pleasure factory" is a Black Sea resort, a sort of proletarian Nice where the toilers from the cities come to fling around their hard-earned roubles during the summer season. It is a setting in which corruption and cynicism flourish and in which the one or two genuine idealists, like Pasha

Olenin, an attractive girl architect, end in despair and frustration.

In his literary allegiance Tarsis is a romantic of a peculiarly limited strain such as has almost died out today except among writers of literary novelettes. He likes to play at the centre of his stories a few *fatal*, of irresistible sexual tests, driven to destruction by a few admirers, surrounded by her best friends and heartlessness. In *Red and Black* she was called Rimma; in *The Pleasure Factory* she is a cabaret singer who models herself on Dostoevsky's "diabolical" heroines, in particular on her namesake, Nastasya Filippovna in *The Idiot*. She is also, of course, meant to remind us of Carmen and indeed, when her principal love ends by shooting her, the resemblance becomes a little too obvious; the book, in this respect, rates its modern Russian version of *Anna Karenina's* overheated romance.

Tarsis's characters are much given to uttering desperate platitudes of the type: "To love the truth is perhaps the most hopeless cause a man can have." The Russians among them behave erratically as any reader of Dostoevsky expects Russians to behave; but there is besides a French jargon, intended partly to provide the "modern" viewpoint, who succeeds only in being incredible. The book is badly organized—as were the other stories—but since they were briefer the defect was less noticeable. As for the style, whatever sympathy one may have for it in a general way, the stridency of its expression is bound to raise doubts about the clarity of the vision on which it is based.

GERMANIACAL

LESLIE THOMAS: *Orange Wednesday*. 256pp. Constable. 25s.

Leslie Thomas's first novel, *The Virgin Soldiers*, was acclaimed for daring wit, sex and irreverence in its treatment of National Service life during the Malayan campaign. The subject was based on the author's own experience and, in spite of too many obvious set-pieces and some uncertainty in the liaison between fantasy and reality, the book did, in its way, say something perceptive and useful about the ambivalence of the soldier's life. In *Orange Wednesday*, Mr. Thomas has attempted a more ambitious theme, but has not matched it with a corresponding development in treatment; he has fallen back heavily on those cruder elements which made the first novel a best-seller.

Brunel is a lone British officer, left behind in a sleepy German spa town, in sole charge of the decaying Section of Moribund Documents of World War II. He shuffles his time away between the guesthouse where he is the only guest, the neighbourhood café, kept by lovable old ex-S.S. postman Otto, and his delectable teenage daughter, Hilde, and the Office, situated above the medicinal baths, where he and his bibulous cat spend their afternoons, drunk on port. His peace is shattered when the Army

rediscovers him, and he is arbitrarily attached to Intelligence in a top-secret operation Orange Wednesday: it involves no less than the signing of a peace treaty and the re-unification of Germany. His colleagues are the homicidal maniac Intelligence officers of four nations, all of whom fanatically double-cross each other at the expense of Germany, and all of whom are treated with heavy-handed snobbery.

Although in form the book is a thriller, the plot meanders from set-piece to set-piece: much of the time is taken up with Brunel's encounters with various German elements, including a half-Austrian nymphomaniac, some old-style Nazis and sinister young Welsh mountaineers trained neo-Panzer troops. Nothing and no one is incorruptible. Parts of *Orange Wednesday* read like the rough ideas for a comic strip film with Peter Sellers; but the story is neither intricate nor funny enough. Parts read like some naïve attempt at big power satire; but there is no mould; the language is too diffuse. There are one or two genuinely comic moments, but far too much box-office sex. And again and again those set-pieces sit around the great lumps in a porridge of good intentions.

CAME THE DAWN

MARGUERITE DURAS: *The Rapture of Lol V. Stein*. Translated by Ellen Ellenbogen. 138pp. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

As *Le Ravissement de Lol V. Stein* this novel was reviewed in the TLS on June 11 1964, the translation is free but not unfaithful. An English "rapture" being far less ambiguous than a French "ravissement", the title may suggest that Lol (short, if only just, for Lol V. Stein) is a happy girl, which is quite untrue. In fact she is one of Mme. Duras's oddly Eucharistic, swept about by the wind of a profound emotional fatalism. Ten years earlier Lol had suffered a nasty shock when her fiancé, the young Anne-Marie Streiter, cheerfully melodramatized as "a temple from the sea", so sudden and

accurately timed in its eloquence and more mythical than scandalous, ever since Lol has been out of her authentic mind, trying to hold on to the past by a tenuous organization of her time and space. But her past mathematics cannot purify her meetings with an old school friend, Tatiana Karl. Together with Lol and Tatiana's lover she constitutes the three terms of an amorous triangle which is ultimately resolved in Lol's life. All Mme. Duras's books, *Rapture of Lol V. Stein* is no exception, with such pointed secrecy that there is no need to think of it in psychological terms at all; and her hint not at the madhouse but at the

Middle East

ARAB DISQUIET

ABDULLAH LAROUTI: *L'Idéologie arabe contemporaine*. Preface by Maxime Rodinson. 224pp. Paris: François Maspéro. 15.40fr.

The bulk of the non-Arab world is at present impatient with the Arabs for their idiosyncrasies, which, by western standards, include their belief that thought, if termed ideology, can be metamorphosed into deed without intermediate effort, and that without taking a decision is itself a creative act. This book explores such strictures in that it shows a world seething with self-criticism and disquiet.

What national ne bhai has just l'occulte que son regard et sa faiblesse... a débute on ne perçoit que cris et sanglots, c'est qu'on n'écoute pas avec suffisamment d'attention le différenciel angoissé que l'état national entreprend sur soi et aurait, pourtant, indistinctement mêlés.

"Autrui" is, of course, "the west", as represented by Europe, the United States and the Soviet Union. The shouting is confused because most available evidence suggests that the gap between the Arabs and these nations is widening, not narrowing. It is the louder because the Arab world, though culturally at one, is at a variety of stages of social development, so that no one agrees on the means of telescoping the stages whereby "autrui" achieved dignity, power, social security and material prosperity.

Abdullah Larouti is a Moroccan, and punctuates his analysis with examples of the scene in Morocco, about which, says his dustcover, he has another book in preparation. His analysis of Arab disquiet is of a kind that could only be produced by a close observer of the Sorbonne and Arab Africa: it springs from a mind steeped in European as well as Islamic thought—in Molière and Comte and E. M. Forster as well as al-Agha and Salama Musa.

Yet even a scholar well acquainted with both cultures need not pick up the book in search of light reading. Whether orientalist, philosopher or sociologist, he will find some of the reasoning abstruse and the conclusions elusive. Nevertheless he will *en route* have been provoked into viewing present Arab disquiet in a perspective that does not often occur to European minds.

At first blush, the analysis is pessimistic in the extreme. The Arabs, in their search for a modern personality and the touchstone of equality with "autrui", have tried expedient after expedient: "Ni le retour à la religion, ni la Constitution, ni l'éducation intensive n'ont donné cette puissance." They have examined foreign system after foreign system, including the Japanese technological one, only to deduce that, whereas several have virtues (Marxism being that most suited to their needs), none has been attained by methods that would suit them. Is there a way out of their introspective, morbid and impractical frame of mind? Or is the author a mere cancer specialist, who can diagnose but not cure? He becomes nearly so, but not quite. For he believes that the west, despite its technical superiority, has never been top in all subjects and is not so now. He believes that a satisfactory synthesis with it is possible despite the sea of mistrust that divides it from the Arabs today. He believes that this synthesis could take a form which he calls "marxisme objectif", alias Marxism without its totalitarian frame. In a sympathetic though critical foreword, Professor Maxime Rodinson applauds this "cri du coeur d'un homme exaspéré par la conjuration de l'ignorance et de l'insécurité de l'avenir".

The *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1967-68 (Macmillan, £3 3s.) retains its familiar aspect but as usual its contents have undergone thorough revision to justify the claim on the jacket that this is the most authoritative and up-to-date work of reference on world affairs. In this one hundred and fourth issue the list of Commonwealth members is extended by three—Botswana (Bechuanaland), Lesotho (Basutoland), and Barbados, Rhodesia, on the contrary, occupies an anomalous region between the Commonwealth and the rest of the world. A folding map shows side by side the three countries now divided—Germany, Korea, and Vietnam.

QUICK WORK

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL and WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: *The Six Day War*. 250pp. Heinemann. Distributed by Penguin Books. Paperback, 5s.

This is a remarkable feat of journalism and of publishing. The six days of the title were up by June 11 and the book was out by August 11. Nevertheless it is a book which deserves a more than ephemeral notice: one of the authors was on the spot, the other, as always, was in the know. Between them they have produced a credible and easily understood account of the remarkable operations carried out by the Israeli army in Sinai, on the west bank of the Jordan and in Syria, with quite enough background to set the operations in their context and an attempt at forecasting the future which is reasonable in itself and has not, so far, been faked by events.

The battles in Sinai get the fullest account, as is natural since here was the greatest clash of numbers and the largest-scale armoured battles. It is perhaps a little Olympian: the well-known pointed arrows twist and writhe across the clearly laid-out sketch maps but it is not easy to see precisely why such and such an Egyptian strong-point fell when it did. Perhaps it is all to be explained in the contrast which the authors draw between the brave and patient Egyptian soldiers, good gunners and good infantrymen, and their worthless officers whom the authors dismiss with a four-lettered word common indeed in military parlance but rare in serious military history. The Syrians seem to have put up an even more contemptible performance although, perhaps owing to the nature of the terrain, their officers appear to have been less spy in jumping into jeeps and making off. The Jordanians come off best for reputation, although the fighting on this front is far less clearly described and it is almost impossible to follow the course of what seems to have

been a hard-fought, scrambling soldiers' battle.

The external powers involved, America, Russia and Britain, are treated by the authors as harshly as if they were Syrian brigadiers. The Americans are reproached for allowing their policy to be at the mercy of an intestine feud between the State Department and the C.I.A., the latter, for obscure but probably discreditable reasons, connected with oil, having backed Nasser for the past fifteen years. The Russians, having originally, in 1948, backed Israel as a good anti-Imperialist country against the supposedly British-inspired Arab League, change over to the losing side; they may well

have been the original cause of the war by lying to the Egyptians about an imminent attack on Syria; and in the end they suffer a defeat comparable with Khrushchev's over Cuba. The British come off worst of all—transient, embarrassed, phantom-like observers on the sidelines. The Churchills balance their praise of the Israeli army by a wise refusal to explain the horrors of Israeli party-politics. For the future, there are no precedents to guide: as the Israeli Foreign Minister put it, this is the first war in history in which, on the morrow, the victors sued for peace and the vanquished called for the unconditional surrender of their enemies.

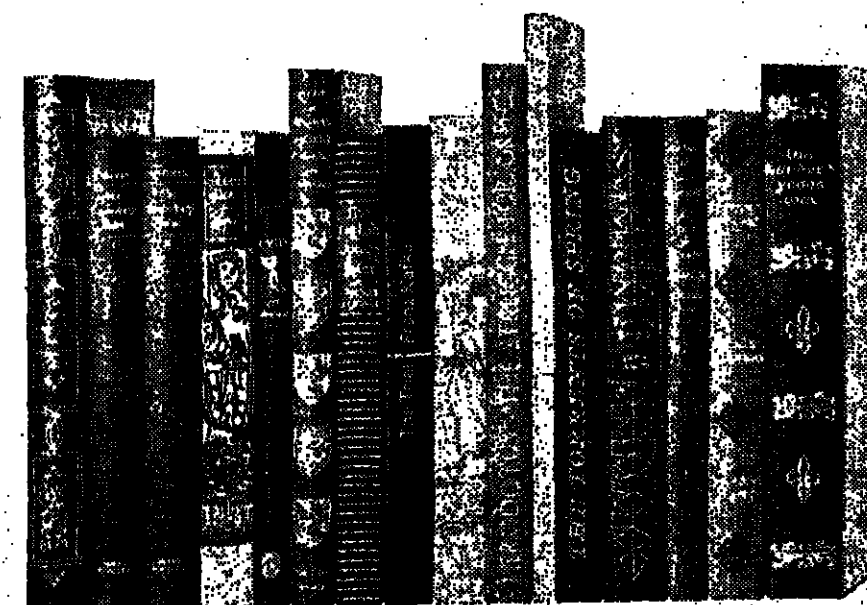
DIASPORA

CECIL ROTH (Editor): *The World History of the Jewish People*. Volume XI: Jews in Christian Europe 711-1096. 492 pp. W. H. Allen. £5 5s.

Though the eleventh in order of the series as planned, this book is the second volume to be printed of the monumental *World History of the Jewish People*. It covers a period of 400 years and gives the background of a most vital section of the Jewish people in the Christian world, which hitherto has been little studied. Professor Cecil Roth, formerly of Oxford University, is the general editor of the series, and also the editor of this volume, of which he has written several chapters.

Among the chapters are "Aspects of Jewish Culture and Rabbinical Learning" by Dr. Zimmels, principal of Jews' College in London, one of the Khazars, that curious people from Central Asia who established a kingdom in the Volga valley and the Crimea and were converted to Juda-

ism, and one on the "Study of Jews in Byzantium". At the beginning of the period the Jews were still rooted in the soil in the Middle East and engaged in handicrafts. At the end they have become occidentalized, and are characteristically urban merchants, a despised minority among the Christian population. Christian Spain had become the cradle of the Sephardic culture, northern France and the Rhineland of the Ashkenazi Rabbinical schools. Culturally the centre was being shifted from Iraq to western and northern Europe. Through most of the period, however, it was in the realm of Islam, and particularly in Moorish Spain, that Jewish civilization flourished. That story will be the subject of another volume in the series.



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BOHR'S CALIBRE

S. ROZENTAL (Editor): *Niels Bohr. His Life and Work as seen by his Friends and Colleagues.* 355pp. Amsterdam: North-Holland Publishing Co. 29 guilders. £2 18s.

RUTH MOORE: *Niels Bohr: the Man and the Scientist.* 436pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 2s.

Collected tributes to the distinguished dead are apt to make dull reading: these to Niels Bohr, the physicist, are an exception. This is not merely because on two separate occasions he found his way to a new and essentially simple approach at a point of difficulty. The first was on the theory of complete atoms; the second on the theory of the atomic nucleus. Nor is it because he introduced into physics the principle of complementarity—the idea that mutually exclusive approaches to the same object may each have their justification and each be necessary to full understanding. It is much more because he was unusual as a person and in ways of thinking and working; and because, by common agreement, he was all of a piece. Hence the many stories about him.

The characteristics common to his two main contributions can be simply stated. In each case he saw that existing ideas were inconsistent or inadequate. In each he cut a corner. In each he did what was immediately necessary for as much understanding as could be reached at the time. In each his solution was incomplete, but essentially right so far as it went.

In his ordinary life simplicity of outlook and an ability to see quickly through the façades behind which most of us hope to conceal ourselves were qualities that seemed to his friends to go together. Others were a weakness for looking at everyday issues—even the choice of a prism—from all conceivable angles, and unhappiness if acceptance of the conclusion so reached was based on anything but conviction. The same traits account for the seemingly intuitive quality of his work, his mistrust of mathematical formalism when carried beyond the physical situations that had given rise to it, a habit of examining and testing his ideas from all possible viewpoints and, in extreme degree, his custom of thinking aloud and needing someone to think at and carry with him; for, if he could not, there must be something wrong to sort out. His mathematician brother Harald,

asked why he himself was one of the greatest lecturers while Niels was an unsuccessful public speaker, gave the reply: "Simply because at each place in my lecture I speak only of those things which I have explained before, but Niels usually talks about matters which he means to explain later". In an extreme case, thinking aloud even became thinking in silence, his spoken "And . . . But . . . And . . ." being all that his hearers had to guide them. However, arriving once at Princeton after being cooped up on a liner for a week without suitable audience, he met Pauli and another in a corridor, practically pushed them into an office and, having made them sit down, talked for two hours before either had a chance to interrupt him.

A story about Bohr and Einstein, also at Princeton, illuminates both. They were in adjoining rooms—Bohr attempting to dictate a contribution to a presentation volume to Einstein. The only word that came was "Einstein . . . Einstein", with Bohr at first almost running round the room, then looking out of a window. Into this scene there intruded Einstein on tiptoe, with an urchin smile and finger to lips. Bohr, after one more hopeful "Einstein . . .", turned round. The explanation after mutual astonishment was that Einstein had been forbidden by his doctor to buy tobacco, but not to steal it and, at the moment of truth, had just reached Bohr's tobacco jar.

There is much more of interest: his relations with Rutherford and, more important, his brother Harald; his interest in anything from the logic of the stock exchange to a jazz-player's trumpet and pictures; clock-and-dagger stuff in his wartime evacuation from Denmark to Sweden; his unsuccessful efforts to convey to Roosevelt and Churchill what they should do about nuclear energy. The fact that Heisenberg, who at one time saw much of him and whom he nearly drowned swimming far out into the Kattegat, doubted if Bohr was primarily a scientist is a better explanation of the real case for this book. These illuminating and personal tributes were made available in advance to Miss Moore for her biography.

ATOMIC BASIS

G. K. T. COHN and H. D. TURNER: *The Evolution of the Nuclear Atom.* 266pp. Iliffe Books. £2 15s.

"No-one should use this book to learn what a nuclear atom is or indeed to learn about the nuclear atom," the authors write in their preface. What it should be used for, "knowing this already," is to learn about the antecedents of the Rutherford-Bohr theory, how the theory was developed and established, and hence, too, something about "the process of discovery, the dynamic of human learning."

This is a worthy as well as a fashionable objective. From the authors' viewpoint it is necessary to the education of scientists because textbooks, which provide only the triple distilled essence of a subject, tell little about discovery. In particular they often omit for simplicity the historical value of

ideas since discarded and the formative contribution made by lines of evidence which, though not crucial in themselves, may yet affect thinking in the sense that some future penny may drop more readily because of them. Both points emerge along with others from this historical record, compiled largely from contemporary publications.

Future scientists are not the only readers who might benefit from following through the course of discovery in this case and others—for three more books are planned. Philosophers of science seem too often to see discovery in terms pre-selected by themselves. They like scientists under training are equipped for such reading. Others—including most politicians and most civil servants—are not. These are the people who are required increasingly to take decisions, albeit on advice, about the allocation of resources for research. They need something that makes less demands on knowledge that most of them lack. In the authors' metaphor it might be distilled from the eventual quartet of these books.

The most likely conclusion is that major advances are inevitable only in the sense that, when the last of the required pieces for fitting together has become available, the advance will sooner or later be made; but that ability to predict what the last piece will be is equivalent to ability to make the advance. This, if true, bears on the value that should be attached to proposals for major items of expenditure along existing lines compared with other claims for

A FOR ALAMOS

STEPHANE GROUPE: *Manhattan Project.* 416pp. Collins. £2 5s.

Although it is claimed for this book that it describes the "untold story of the making of the atomic bomb" by the Manhattan Project, it adds little new factual material to the story which has already been related in great detail in the United States official history: *New World* by Hewlett and Anderson. Stephane Groupe's account does provide much information about the principal personalities involved, particularly about General Groves, the director of the project from September, 1942, and the principal scientists and engineers involved.

The scientists included Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, Director of Los Alamos; Professors Enrico Fermi and Eugene Wigner, responsible for the development of the atomic pile; Professors Ernest Lawrence, Urey, Arthur Compton and many others of Nobel Laureate status. The engineers were responsible for building the enormous plants, the Oakridge diffusion plant and the electromagnetic plant for separating U-235 and the Hanford plutonium production plant. The book also describes the social problems involved in building up the Los Alamos laboratory on the top of the Mesa near Santa Fe, where Dr. Oppenheimer collected a remarkable group of distinguished United States scientists to work on the bomb. They were joined in early 1944 by a group of British scientists led by Professor James Chadwick and including Dr. William Penney (now Lord Penney), Sir Geoffrey Taylor and Professor Niels Bohr, acting as adviser to the United Kingdom team. The team was small but of very high quality and made important contributions to the project.

The narrative in the book is built up from many interviews with the principal scientists and engineers, no doubt with the help of the tape recorder. It is impossible for anyone who was not a member of the project to judge how accurate the reports of these conversations are. One would be surprised if, after a twenty-year interval, they could be con-

sidered as giving more than the general sense of the conversation. The book can in no sense be regarded as a history and does not compare in this respect with *New World* or Mrs. Gowling's history of the United Kingdom atomic energy project.

The book makes little reference to the important British contribution to the initiation of the American project. The reports of the United Kingdom Maud Committee which were published in June, 1941, were transmitted immediately to those responsible for the United States project of the time and showed that an atomic bomb could be built with about 25lb. of U-235. Suggestions were made about possible methods of separating this uranium isotope, and estimates were given of the explosive power of the bomb. Mr. Groupe gives the impression that the American scientists had to start from scratch. For example, General Groves is quoted as asking in late 1942 "how much material would be required for the critical mass; how should it be detonated; could the force of the explosion be predicted?"

The account gives the impression that the United States scientists were somewhat naive: "The scientists had been proclaiming they were ready to swing into industrial production as soon as the plant was built. The bitter alarming truth was that nothing was ready for production. The entire production was in an embryonic stage."

In fact the scientists were not a childlike. Fermi and his collaborators built with their own hands the first atomic pile in Chicago and made it work, and throughout the subsequent construction of the large-scale atomic piles at Hanford the scientists had to work extremely closely with the engineers to achieve a final success.

The book should, therefore, be regarded as a narrative for the general reader. It includes interesting photographs of the projects and staff, as well as those already published in *New World*.

PROTON AND SO ON

ISAAC ASIMOV: *Understanding Physics.* Vol. 1. 248pp. Vol. 2. 248pp. Vol. 3. 269pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 5s. each vol.

Among the first phenomena considered by the curious ancient Greeks was the phenomenon of motion; but they only considered it; it never occurred to them that, however reasonable their deductions appeared to be, they had to be tested by experiment. It is an astonishing feature of the history of science that a cardinal requirement—the deliberate test or experiment—was not thought to be necessary for 2,000 years after Aristotle. It is in fact from Galileo (1564-1642) that modern science is usually dated. Pure reasoning from postulated assumptions and almost total lack of direct experimental verification are the two characteristics of ancient and medieval science.

Modern science is extensively empirical, but its theoretical background is no longer so transparently reasonable (in the technical sense of the word) as it was in the Aristotelian and medieval phases. This is so because the advent of empiricism has been accompanied by the evolution of exceedingly complicated mathematical or symbolic representations of natural phenomena. Modern theoretical physicists form a highly exclusive society and their language is not readily understood by others. The reason is of course that it was not until well into the twentieth century that it became apparent that the concepts necessary for the description of the subatomic and atomic worlds may not be the same as those which are sufficient for matter in bulk. One cannot apply ordinary common sense to atomic phenomena because all common sense notions are relatively crude generalizations from sense data. The world looks different to Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians. The difference is not merely a matter of size but of concept.

cannot see should be exactly the same as that which we can.

Physics is thus seen to be a very complicated and central subject, and to try to survey it in the space of only 750 pages of relatively large print may seem a dangerous undertaking. To attempt this in strictly non-mathematical language, in the style of an informal—even anecdotal—history would appear at first sight to be a self-defeating pursuit. Yet here it is, well written, nicely presented and effectively bound into three convenient instalments. It is the sort of book that tends to infuriate the professional physicist because it looks at things from a different angle, and it is a pity that one who should be able to find some things wrong with it, but it is in fact quite accurate and informative. Any one who has ever been puzzled by the sound "at school will find it here in a less puzzling (but probably less quantitative) form. Anyone who found "electricity" a "major" (most professional physicists will find it "minor" but how the presented here, "minor" is supported by the help of diagrams (there are more difficult to follow than the two diagrams in this section).

The most useful of the three volumes is the last, which deals with atomic and nuclear physics. The reader is taken quite gently over the entire territory from "The Atomism" right up to "The Physics of the Atom" and a certain amount of application and practical work is given a very satisfactory bird's-eye view of the field. The trouble with these books is that it is difficult to visualize their potential readers. They are not quantitative enough for the sixth-former and are perhaps too detailed for the layman. However, within the framework of his own ideas Dr. Asimov is patently successful.

THOM GUNN: *Touch.* 58pp. Faber and Faber. 15s. CHRISTOPHER LOGUE: *Pax.* 21pp. Rapp and Carroll. 15s. THOMAS KINSSELLA: *Nightwalker.* 18pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. London: Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d. JOHN PUDNEY: *Spill Out.* 55pp. Dent. 25s. BRYN GRIFFITHS: *The Stones Remember.* 31pp. Dent. 8s. 6d. JAMES SIMMONS: *Late but in Earnest.* 44pp. Bodley Head. 15s.

Thom Gunn is an unsettled and unsetting poet: nervous, bleak, tense, elegy committed to a brute masculine energy because, it would seem, he regards something altogether gentler, softer and more whimsical as himself. It is this tension which has given Mr. Gunn his characteristic drawn-out voice and made him a very interesting and problematical poet. The battle-images of his early poems, in *Touch*, only put more obviously—even crudely—what has been a continuing stance:

... a sometimes bewildering display of sub-sets and shifts of ground, yet also a lonely firmness, a vulnerable isolation. And there is also a note of earnestness, sometimes close to sentimentality, as in the title-poem of his new book, *Touch*.

In a conversation with Ian Hamilton, published in *The London Magazine* of November, 1964, Mr. Gunn said:

[I find that in syllables I can much more easily record the casual perception, whereas with metrical verse I very often become committed to a particular kind of rather full emotion, a rather clenched kind of emotion.]

This is a perceptive piece of self-observation, but it would be mistaken to imagine on the evidence of it that Mr. Gunn's syllabic verse is preferable to his "strong line'd" natural work. Like its predecessor, *My Sad Captains*, the new book contains examples of both, and it is not being merely old-fashioned to suggest that the more powerful the emotion, the more clearly it shows itself in the steady tread of Mr. Gunn's lumbics; whereas the

"casual perceptions" are all too often just that, arbitrary, half-achieved, drifting into prosiness. "Taylor Street", for example, sounds like a left-over caption from *Positives*, the book of photographs by his brother Ander: the greater the particularity, the weaker the intensity. And "Bravery", again, denials as it does with a painting, loads itself too carefully with detail, so that the words run on amiably but without pressure: a "warm clutter of detail".

Leaving the syllabic verse on one "Today you move in a golden light, your actions studied but effortless, like a ballerina's. And your feet make perfect shapes in air. You bless the kitchen trivia with your waiting hands; your movements start where dancing ends."

Today you are too good to live, too wholly pure. The solar red and gold burn round your face. Turning, you give light to the whole room. The dead stars cannot compare with this. You print the walls with fire as you pass.

DAVID HARSENT.

longer striking exaggerated poses, as he did in "Lines for a Book", "Elvis Presley" or, in its different way, "Crabs". The last poem in *Touch*, "Back to Life", seems to sum up better than ever before, with a

side, then, there is much to praise. The sequence called "Misanthropos", which takes up almost half the book, is an impressive group concerned with loneliness, separateness, singularity; the forms are varied—

important since the first edition of 1918. The tale of separate items now goes up from 150 (in the enlarged fifth impression of the third edition) to 180. A group of "Early Poems (1860-75)" is followed by "Poems (1876-89)" and "Unfinished Poems, Fragments and Light Verse (1862-1889)". A final group of poems consists of "Translations, Latin and Welsh Poems (1862-87)". The new poems are mainly in the earlier half (1862-68) of "Unfinished Poems", but there are a few additions to "Translations"; the sonnet beginning "The shepherd's brow, fronting forked lightning, owns", which Bridges disliked, is at last transferred from "Unfinished Poems" to "Poems (1876-89)" as Professor Gardner says pertinently, "The fourth part of *Gulliver* is not placed among Swift's fragments" and the order of the poems inside their groupings is varied for reasons of chronology. "Barnfloor and Winepress", for example, is moved up from No. 18 to No. 6 in "Early Poems".

The fourth edition is also important because for the first time the text has been thoroughly revised "from a scrutiny of virtually all the surviving autographs and contemporary transcripts". The revision of the text, which has produced about a hundred interesting changes, has been the responsibility of Professor N. H. MacKenzie, whose name as joint-editor appears with that of Professor Gardner on the title page. The "Introduction to the Fourth Edition", an expansion of the biographical and critical introduction written for the third edition rather than a new essay as the blur appears to claim, is now followed by Professor MacKenzie's helpful "Foreword to the Revised Text". In 1948 Professor Gardner had for the most part simply taken on trust the texts provided by Robert Bridges, Charles Williams and Humphry House. "I regret now," he writes penitently, "that I did not look more closely to find those errors of transcription

everything from a Herbert-like echo —poem to *terza rima*, with some metrically freer but still concentrated pieces—and with some excellent sensuous writing:

... pale tender smell of worms, Tough sweet smell of her roots. He is a nose. He picks through the turned earth, and eals. A mouth.

... acres calm and deep. Swishes folded on themselves in sleep. Or waves that, as if frozen in mid-roll, Hang in ridged rows. It is a relief to find Mr. Gunn no

Love Song

Today you move in a golden light, your actions studied but effortless, like a ballerina's. And your feet make perfect shapes in air. You bless the kitchen trivia with your waiting hands; your movements start where dancing ends.

Today you are too good to live, too wholly pure. The solar red and gold burn round your face. Turning, you give light to the whole room. The dead stars cannot compare with this. You print the walls with fire as you pass.

DAVID HARSENT.

HOPKINS PICKINGS

The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by W. H. Gardner and N. H. MacKenzie. 362pp. Oxford University Press. 30s.

Hopkins: Selections. Chosen and edited by Graham Storey. 206pp. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

It is nearly 100 years since Hopkins thought that he had destroyed all his early poems after his decision to enter the religious life and become a Jesuit. The late Humphry House noted that the entry "Slaughter of the innocents" in the *Journal* under May 11, 1868, probably records the occasion, and fifty poems were to lapse before Robert Bridges decided in 1918 that the moment was ripe to introduce his Hopkins's idiosyncratic poetry to the public. Except for three early poems Bridges wisely restricted himself to the finished and unfinished poems of Hopkins's maturity between 1876 and 1889. Some additions to the canon were made by Charles Williams, the editor of the second edition, in 1930 and on a much greater scale by Hopkins's third editor, W. H. Gardner, in 1948.

Professor Gardner tells us with what understandable reluctance he has risked "submerging the pieces of the poet's achievement" in his decision to print needs no apology. Long before 1948 Hopkins had been accepted as a secure Victorian classic: a poet "major" in the unique quality of his work. "Minor" in total recognition, and his recognition, and his interest of the newly recovered material made the publication of his later work of every scrap of his poetry inevitable. If those brought up on the second edition of *Poems*, which added only sixteen pieces to the original collection, still feel that the effect of the swollen third edition is to dilute the poet's achievement, the same time they have to admit that the editor has done his job well. But he has done it well, and become available, in the new edition of *Poems* (the same title) that includes "all the fragments and fragments" of Hopkins's poetry, and makes the

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which have since been detected", but his chief interest has always been in the elucidation of Hopkins's meaning rather than the establishment of his text. We must welcome what what might have been done earlier has finally been done. The present division of labour between the editors seems a happy one.

The inclusion of all known poems and fragments, the thorough scrutiny of the text, and the modification of the order of the poems makes the fourth edition of *Poems* one which all serious students of Hopkins will have to possess, but it should be pointed out that the new edition is still "based on the First Edition of 1918" somewhat to its disadvantage. It is Bridges's shadow, for example, that has delayed so long the placing of the text, which is much expanded in this edition, is more of a patchwork quilt than ever. As well as notes initialled "[R.B.]" and "[W.H.G.]" we now have others marked "[N.H.M.]". Poetry is an excellent thing, but its price is high when the commentary is so difficult to use. For example, the notes provided for "The Nature is a Hermitic Place" run together a miscellaneous details of the dating and bibliographical history of the poem, indications of its stresses, and outbursts marked in the MS., citation of relevant passages from Hopkins's prose, explanation of allusions and exegesis of meaning.

Was it really necessary for us to read on line six first "construction obscure: *rupees* may be a compound word, MS. uncertain [R.B.]" and then "Comparing *yesterdays*, *shadowy*, *footfalls* and *matchwood*, we are compelled to take *rupees* as a compound also [N.H.M.]"? Are we compelled? In this case Bridges was probably right in supposing that the compound *rupees* would give a poorer sense and be rhythmically inferior, but the point here is rather that so much editorial disableness is unattractive. The differences between Professor Gardner's comments on this poem

new openness and generosity of spirit, Mr. Gunn's essentially grave, even melancholy, nature, and does it beautifully:

The pale leaves shift a bit, Now light, now shadowed, and their A second later by the bough. Even by the sap that runs through it: A small full trembling through it now As if each leaf were, so, better prepared.

For falling sooner or later separate. Christopher Logue's "translation" of Book XIX of the *Iliad* is a little disappointing after the striking success of his earlier attempt at Book XVI, *Patrocleia*. The anachronisms and verbal modernisms seem perfunctorily done, and the presumed directness sometimes simply dissolves into crudity. Mr. Logue should take care that his freedom with Homer does not turn into slovenly licence. But, as before, he is at his best with the extended similes:

The Greeks with smiling iron mouths They are like nature, like a mass of flame, Great lengths of water struck by changing winds, A forest of innumerable trees, Boundless sand, snowfall across broad

As a huge beast stands and turns round itself, The well fed, glittering Army stands and turns.

Thomas Kinsella has always been an eloquent poet, but one who seemed to find (like Thom Gunn) that the "cleared emotions" fitted best into a tightly-controlled verse. In *Nightwalker* he has attempted something much looser and more discursive, a longish meditation taking its cues from whatever offers itself to view on

the night walk of the title. At times the visual particularity and the quick cuts from scene to scene give it the effect of a scenario, and indeed one feels that some extraneous but necessary element is missing—whether of sight or sound. It reads very much like a transitional piece, and it will be interesting to see what Mr. Kinsella does next.

Finally, three books which are depressing in their muffled pretensions and their staidness. John Pudney, apparently flushed with the success of a number of pseudonymous poems published in the magazines, has now come out in the open, no doubt chuckling at the vagaries of editors. But most of these strenuously of-out-time verses deserved no more than the space given to them as ephemeral fillers. Such titles as "Twentieth-Century Mother" and "Motorway Fugue" are giveaways, tokening modish concerns in threadbare language. Bryn Griffiths veers between romantic commonplaces:

Do you remember that gray winter's day when we walked by the river's edge at Henley—

and what amount to Clevelandisms: This love is lip service to a lust locked in the mind's basements of sight.

Only in "Tanto the Undertaker", a bizarre anecdote, does Mr. Griffiths show that he might be able to manage something more entertaining, if not more profound or original. James Simmons is entertaining, or mildly so, but the ironical style which Graham Greene praises in the burb turns out hardly to warrant the invocation of the late Norman Cameron: Mr. Simmons is in fact much more like, say, Philip Hobsbaum, though with less glumness and a greater would-be winsomeness.

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If one of the literary man's grumbles used to be that there was too little recognition, the problem now is precisely opposite. A writer these days would need to be peculiarly ungifted to escape at least one bout of critical acclaim. Consider the dustjacket of almost any new novel or book of poems—some, one, somewhere (albeit in the provinces), has thought it splendidly achieved. Talent, of course, is the newsmen's dream of news; it can be invented, and no one is going to get reported to the Press Council. And with the acres of pulp-criticism getting vaster and more voracious by the week, we can anticipate increasingly bizarre inventions. We can also look forward to a deepening nostalgia for days when things were rougher for the writer, when vivid talents that would now sit comfortably in *Playboy* sulked unnoticed in the little magazines. And the little magazines themselves may see a reflection of their own futility in the bland, romanticizing praise that is heaped on them by their big brothers, and tape into mimicry or abuse.

One rather welcome symptom,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT PRICE POETRY?
Sir.—Why are books of contemporary poetry so abominably expensive? Eight slim volumes reviewed on September 14 the price a page of the six English ones varied from about 24d. to 6d.; one of the two Americans cost 15 cents a page and he a well established poet. Surely publishers who charge a guinea or so for about 30 pages cannot expect to make money? Surely also they are not even cutting their losses. They are simply putting their productions, beyond the pockets and certainly beyond the inclinations of all their potential readership.

A. H. GOMME
Department of English, The University, Keele, Staffs.

IMMIGRANT SOCIALISTS
Sir.—We have better authority than vague "tradition" for the story that Marx "denied he was a Marxist" (your reviewer, replying to Roger Daniels, September 14). Frederick Engels, writing to Paul Lafargue on August 27, 1890, mentioned the role being played in the German Social Democratic Party by young men from the universities whose ambitions, in his view, outran their merits, and observed: "All these gentlemen go in for Marxism, but of the kind you are familiar with in France ten years ago and of which Marx said: 'I know it is that not a Marxist?'" And of these gentlemen he would probably have said what Heine said of his imitators: "I sowed dragons and reaped fleas."

BRIAN PEARCE
42 Victoria Road, New Barnet, Herts.

THE MAKING OF A SCIENTIFIC MIND
Sir.—Your reviewer of Nora Barlow's *Darwin and Henslow: The Growth of an Idea* (September 21) has perpetuated the myth that Charles Darwin had no training in natural science before his voyage on H.M.S. Beagle. "It is still a matter for wonder, and therefore for research," the reviewer writes, "how the untalented young man, a prospective candidate for Holy Orders, sailed away with nothing but some horse-sense without ever having had any training in natural science (there was none in his day, nor were there any textbooks), and came back five years later, an experienced man of science."

It is not a matter for wonder at all, for the fact of the matter is that when the twenty-two-year-old Darwin was appointed to the Admiralty to serve aboard the Beagle, he was one of the best trained and most experienced all-round naturalists to England. schoolboy Darwin was an enthusiastic collector of insects and minerals and a zealous amateur chemist. While a medical student at the University of Edinburgh (1825-1827), he attended courses of lectures in materia medica, anatomy, chemistry, geology and zoology. He pursued marine biology, collecting specimens when he went with the "Newhaven" fishermen: travelling for oysters. He took lessons in anatomy from a mail who made his living mounting birds. At meetings of the Wernerian Society and the Royal Medical Society, Darwin heard papers on a wide range of scientific and medical subjects. He presented two of his own papers at the meeting of the Linnean Society, an undergraduate group at the University of Edinburgh. At Cambridge (1828-1831) Darwin attended the brilliant public lec-

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though, of the prestige currently enjoyed by the small up-against-it periodical is an immense reprinting programme that is now being embarked on in America: in a year or two just about every small magazine that had any merit at all will be available in reprint form and at a price which most academic libraries, at any rate, should be able to afford. The Kraus Reprint Corporation is the main operator in the field; its first series of reprints comprised twenty-seven titles (entire collection, over five thousand dollars) and it included most of the really coveted collector's items: *Brown, Dial, The Equist, Hound and Horn, New Verse, Others, Transition, The Little*

Review. Having taken care of the twenties and thirties, the Kraus Reprint Corporation is now moving not only into the forties and fifties (*Personal Landscape, Poetry Quarterly, Listen and Departure* are included in a new series), but also into the present day. A kind of instant historicizing has developed whereby the first dozen or so numbers of magazines, like *Agenda and The Review*, which are still being published, will soon be available in a reprint with the royalties perhaps providing sustenance for future issues; a happy instance of having one's immortality and eating it.

It is not difficult to envisage this

kind of thing getting out of hand. Kraus's chief competitor, the Library Reprint Corporation, has now already has valuable titles like *Transition, The Paris Review and The New Verse* under its belt. If the competition gets fierce enough or if new publishers start getting interested in what is clearly a very lucrative line of business, it will not be long before we find short runs of the little magazines being published in pleasant knowledge that even if, one reads them someone is certainly going to reprint them.

Aside from such comic possibilities, however, the enterprise is thoroughly worthwhile. British libraries, in particular, are notorious for short of this kind of valuable literary-historical material and, as a little magazine publisher will testify, they are depressingly reluctant to subscribe to periodicals that have not been running for five years or so. If, with the help of this reprint scheme, librarians begin repaying errors of the past, they may also be encouraged not to make so many in the future.

Thus Lord Penbrooke, when, as Vice-Chancellor, he opposed Buckingham foreign policy, was "head of the Penbrookes" to the Venetian Ambassador. "This even if Jones was ever a 'Puritan' in this general sense, it is worth to tell of his 'fellow-sectarians'."

When Charles II restored the liberties of citizens to enjoy themselves as he chose, the pent-up enthusiasts for his scenic stage of Inigo Jones and his laboratory, Sir William Davenant, released in their (my italics) product of *The Siege of Rhodes* at the Duke of York's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This sentence I quote in full because it is chronologically and factually sense. The first, and most important version of *The Siege of Rhodes*, was by Lawes, Lock and Henry Purcell in

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was presented with Cromwell's special permission in 1656. That is true that Sir William Davenant's production of *The Siege of Rhodes* at the Duke of York's Theatre was designed by Jones's disciple, John Webb. I can only plead that in extolling Jones as the pioneer of the English baroque, the same error as those who have attributed the pastoral epistles to St. Paul. I am unregretful in believing that Shakespeare had, as he viewed Jones's ways in the scenic art, a provision of the theatre with limitless resources for the illusion and pageantry he craved; or that Jones's heart was broken by the suppression of the theatre by his puritan persecutors. Nevertheless, I ask Mr. Mallalieu's forgiveness for the inaccuracies into which I was led by my enthusiasm for this lovely and timely catalogue.

WORDS AND MUSIC
Sir.—Your reviewer of the third volume of Professor Bronson's work *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads* (August 24) expresses the hope that Professor Bronson may now "methodologize the sprawling mass" of folk song material. Surely this is what he has been doing for the last twenty years, as explained in the preface to vol. II, 1962 (also reviewed in your columns, and in greater detail in three articles contributed to distinguished American periodicals: namely, "Folk-song and the Modes" in *National Quarterly* (January, 1946); "Mechanical Helps in the Study of Folk Song" in *Journal of the American Folklore Society* No. 244 (April, 1949); and "Towards Comparative Analyses" in the same journal, No. 284 (April, 1958).

These journals are not to be found in every library in this country, but they are not unobtainable nor unknown. Together with two others, "Mrs. Huon Mallalieu, Marsham Lane, London, S.W.1."

Our reviewer writes: "Any surviving ancient who sat under that most venerable of preparatory school headmasters, Thomas Pellatt, will remember his despairing remembrance with their academic shortcomings as affectionately in his temperate praise, which I rarely read, in Mr. Mallalieu's kindly introduction. Most of Mr. Mallalieu's, I hear the echo of my old master's voice: 'You watched chap... if only you'd concentrate!'"

Mr. Mallalieu rightly remarks that "history and the theatre seldom make happy bedfellows". By the same token a reviewer theatrically committed and too easily swayed by emotion can, unfortunately, make an apple pie for himself. Most of Mr. Mallalieu's, I hear the echo of my old master's voice: "You watched chap... if only you'd concentrate!"

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So there was remarkably little inter-relationship between American and English poets of the period. Eliot and Pound—and even Robert Frost—fitted conveniently into a Henry James legend of the American writer come to Europe to get away from the notorious American deficiency in Gothic cathedrals, Elton and Harrow and Ascot, kings and queens, and so on, in order to mature his talents on grounds rich in these architectural and institutional symbolic amenities of high civilization.

Eliot and Pound in their writing supported the legend themselves. It served to obscure the fact that when they came to England in the decade before 1918 they were very American. They came to Europe to get away from what they regarded as the cultural desert of America, and because they hoped, among us, to find a culture rich in inherited values where there would be living poets capable of converting their past inheritance into the symbolic currency of language challenging the degraded present. In certain French writers they found an activity corresponding to the need which, particularly because they were Americans, they felt so intensely. So, using Remy de Gourmont, Laforgue and the others, as sticks to beat the Georgians with, they showed little awareness that the English situation might be different from that which they interpreted as the French. Also it might be said that in coming to England Pound was looking for a literary London much closer to the Continent than that of 1907: in fact, the London of the 1890's of Henry James, *The Yellow Book*, the Rhymers' Club—rather than that of the Georgian poets. Significantly, Pound approached London by way of Venice and Provence; and he would certainly have found Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson and the drunken

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Eliot and Pound in their writing supported the legend themselves. It served to obscure the fact that when they came to England in the decade before 1918 they were very American. They came to Europe to get away from what they regarded as the cultural desert of America, and because they hoped, among us, to find a culture rich in inherited values where there would be living poets capable of converting their past inheritance into the symbolic currency of language challenging the degraded present. In certain French writers they found an activity corresponding to the need which, particularly because they were Americans, they felt so intensely. So, using Remy de Gourmont, Laforgue and the others, as sticks to beat the Georgians with, they showed little awareness that the English situation might be different from that which they interpreted as the French. Also it might be said that in coming to England Pound was looking for a literary London much closer to the Continent than that of 1907: in fact, the London of the 1890's of Henry James, *The Yellow Book*, the Rhymers' Club—rather than that of the Georgian poets. Significantly, Pound approached London by way of Venice and Provence; and he would certainly have found Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson and the drunken

from sources, recent enough, but no doubt suspect to scholars. It is true that Sir William Davenant's production of *The Siege of Rhodes* at the Duke of York's Theatre was designed by Jones's disciple, John Webb. I can only plead that in extolling Jones as the pioneer of the English baroque, the same error as those who have attributed the pastoral epistles to St. Paul. I am unregretful in believing that Shakespeare had, as he viewed Jones's ways in the scenic art, a provision of the theatre with limitless resources for the illusion and pageantry he craved; or that Jones's heart was broken by the suppression of the theatre by his puritan persecutors. Nevertheless, I ask Mr. Mallalieu's forgiveness for the inaccuracies into which I was led by my enthusiasm for this lovely and timely catalogue.

Brown (of Falkirk) and the Ballad "The Ballad of the Child Ballads" in April, 1945, and "The Union of words and music in the Child Ballads" in *Western Folk Lore* (successor to the preceding October, 1952), these articles, if reprinted as a book, would provide an invaluable statement of what is meant by "folk song scholarship" in a country (England) which possesses very little of its own, and that little un-supported by any academic discipline.

MARGARET DEAN-SMITH
3 Hunsyanger, Hindhead Road, Hindhead, Surrey.

PERSONAL PRONOUNS
Sir.—As your reviewer of Mr. Randolph S. Churchill's recent biography points out (September 21), Lady Randolph's use of "Between you and I" is of interest. It is, however, hardly "an early instance". Some three centuries before, Lady Randolph, Shakespeare wrote "all debts are cleared between you and I... Merchant of Venice, III, ii, 320."

SUB-LITERARY LITERATURE
Sir.—It has been brought to my attention that a reviewer (August 31), when I was on the Atlantic returning to research in England, noted on the back page that I held that block-books came after Gutenberg. This is not true. They were contemporary with him. Although the high period of the block-books was the 1460s, *Apocalypse* I, uniquely at the John Rylands Library, probably was published in 1451 or early in 1452, according to paper evidence at Utrecht and Brussels. This was several years ahead of the Gutenberg Bible. Further, *Apocalypse* II was merely *Apocalypse* I with signatures plugged into the blocks.

There are some who are not to be found in every library in this country, but they are not unobtainable nor unknown. Together with two others, "Mrs. Huon Mallalieu, Marsham Lane, London, S.W.1."

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and there may have been an impression before 1460. The second blockbook published was probably *Apocalypse IV*, around 1463. *Apocalypse III*, which has been Professor H. V. Lunt's candidate for the earliest blockbook around 1425, was, so far as the paper evidence indicates, around fifty years later, perhaps 1470-75. Research is needed to check these dates.

ALLAN STEVENSON
Arched Room, The British Museum, Department of Printed Book, London, W.C.1.

TOWARDS EQUAL JUSTICE
Sir.—Your review of *Confronting Injustice* (July 13) contains the following sentence: "There are other errors in the book, including the very odd statement that the court recently had four Catholic members." Having known Edmund Cahn's meticulous concern for accuracy, I first gasped in amazement, and then roared with laughter. Your reviewer was apparently unaware that the article in which the quoted sentence appeared was a spoof, having been intended as a look backward toward the 1960s from the vantage point of the twenty-first century. It is not surprising, therefore, that your reviewer found many errors of historical fact.

There could only be two explanations for your reviewer's misreading of this portion of the book. Either he read the book carefully or he lacks a sense of humour. Since I have never met an Englishman without a sense of humour, there is, alas, only one conclusion to be drawn.

NORMAN REDLICH
The City of New York Law Department, Municipal Buildings, New York, N.Y. 10007.

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Illustrated by the author and JOHN HOOKHAM

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A COLD COMING

WALKER CHAPMAN: *The Loneliest Continent. The Story of Antarctic Discovery.* 279pp. Jarrolds. 35s.
L. B. QUARTERMAIN: *South to the Pole. The Early History of the Ross Sea Sector, Antarctica.* 481pp. Oxford University Press. £3 15s.

Mr. Chapman, a skilful American journalist, lets drop the reason why he has been able to write a coherent popular history of a continent when he discusses Operation High Jump, the American expedition of 1946 which separates the heroic from the technological age of Antarctic exploration: "Through all of history, only about 600 men had set foot in Antarctica before Operation High Jump".

Antarctica, for the first who probed its existence, turned out to be an ice cap of continental dimensions, the very opposite to the rich persistent dreams which Dalgry and others sketched hopefully on old maps. Thus for most and much the better part of his story Mr. Chapman strings together a procession of rugged sorties upon a terribly hostile environment, a heroic series of firsts and the quarrels which they often produced. There is the first to sail round this forbidding ice mass; the first to see it; the first to set foot on it; the first to spend a night there; the involuntary first to survive a winter in its ice; the first at its magnetic pole; and, most famously of all, there are the first and second at its geographical pole.

Mr. Chapman draws a firm line along the ups and downs of this pursuit of bitter glory: he shows that it was driven by adventurousness, by scientific endeavour and not least by greed to destroy much of what was found to be living on the teeming beaches of outlying islands. When the sealers had done their worst and Ross had discovered his ice shelf in 1842 there was a full of fifty years before the race for the Pole started; and this was almost closed by the First World War. Although between the wars radio communication and aircraft began to soften the environment it was not until the 1946 expedition that American resources introduced the powerful instruments developed in the Second World War—ice-breakers, long-range aircraft, aerial mapping, caterpillar-wheel tractors—and showed how the Antarctic could cease to be a killer.

The end of Mr. Chapman's story is too breathlessly all-American, but he does devote a page or two to its sur-

prising, most hopeful sequel. In the first half of this century men thought that the ice cake of Antarctica should be sliced into neat nationalistic sectors. In 1959, drawing back from the brink of cold war, they agreed to put their slices into cold storage. The loneliest continent is not as lonely as it was; it houses an international community of scientists; it is certainly the most peaceful one.

All the southern journeys of the heroic age started from the Ross Sea shelf, within the New Zealand Ross Sea sector established in 1923. *South to the Pole* is a study in great depth of all that happened in that sector before that date. Mr. Quartermain is a New Zealander who has been in close touch with Antarctic discovery all his life; he works from many unpublished diaries and from contact with the families of the men who laboured there; he knows what he is writing about and he can write; he has the uncommon knack of making frequent quotation pay its vivid way; he can only be faulted for failure to supply maps to match the absorbing details of his history.

His book is therefore specially valuable for rescuing from undeserved neglect many fine subsidiary journeys. A good example is his account of what happened to the men of Scott's second expedition who were sent north to explore the difficult mountains of South Victoria Land. The plan to take them off by ship after their summer journey mis-carried. They survived in intense privation by wintering in an ice cave, and then contrived to struggle back to Cape Evans, only to learn that although the Polar party had not yet been found it was certain that they were all dead.

Another of Mr. Quartermain's fine stories concerns Shackleton's attempt in 1914 to sledge from the Weddell Sea to McMurdo Sound, the prototype in conception of what was successfully done by the transantarctic expedition of 1957. Every Antarctic enthusiast knows how Shackleton's Nimrod was caught and broken in the Weddell ice, and how after finding shelter for his men on Elephant Island, he made an extraordinary 700-mile boat journey to South Geor-

gia to organize their rescue. Mr. Quartermain reminds us in a long, absorbing narrative what happened to Aurora's depot-laying party at the Ross Sea end. By a combination of misfortune and mismanagement Aurora was blown away from her moorings at Hut Point before most of the stores and equipment were landed, leaving ten men on shore short of almost everything to carry out their depot-laying programme up to the Beardmore glacier. All the same they accomplished this work, though three of them died and none of them knew until Aurora returned many months later that what they had suffered so long to do was entirely useless.

One conclusion seems to emerge from this history. With one exception all its famous figures were groping amateurs in the sense that they had to learn the hard way both the means and the ends of their job. Scott and Shackleton for instance both wasted precious energy by fumbling uncertainly with alternative modes of transport. They toyed with mechanized transport many years before it was fitted for this use; they gambled with horses and mules; as for dogs, they chose the wrong breed and were inhibited from getting the most out of them; and so, when crisis came, manpower alone remained to pull them to safety. Amundsen on the other hand was the complete professional. He attacked the Pole with one mastery plan. He had learnt how to drive Greenland huskies over arctic ice. A hundred huskies, some to be butchered on the way, would see him to the Pole and back. His depot-laying, his reconnoitre of the passage up the Axel Heiberg glacier to the plateau were faultless. He had plenty of everything: speed, time, food, energy. He had been in Antarctica once before. He came now, snatched his prize and never returned. He was too ruthless a man to be much liked, but he was not a contemptible upstart who stole a secret march on his rivals, and found a lucky break. It is not always necessary to be heroic to accomplish great things. Amundsen, like Scott, Shackleton and a few others, was a great man but cast in a different mould.

OFF SHORE

SHIRLEY MADDOCK: *Islands of the Gulf.* 286pp. Photographs by Don Whyte. Collins. £2 2s.

A fringe of islands in the Hauraki Gulf of New Zealand screens the approaches to Auckland harbour. Miss Maddock first made their acquaintance some years ago when she did a television series about them. She has since returned often enough to know them and the coastal perimeter of the mainland opposite much more intimately. *Islands of the Gulf* recounts her journeyings by air, by sea, on foot, and in every kind of motor transport and sets out what she has learnt about the past and the present, from family papers and records, from the reminiscences of old-timers, from anecdote and family legend and from shrewd observation, interesting fragments of history or tradition recall the old way of life under the Maoris and the transition through the missionary and pioneer period. And interviews and verbal

portraits present a pleasing picture of the islands' inhabitants and the life they lead.

Although her vivacity sometimes betrays Miss Maddock into exuberant over-writing, (trees pushed this way and that by the wind nevertheless manage to stand like sculptured figures in a frieze), her pleasure in place and people is agreeably communicated and she is alert for a good phrase. The mother of fifteen children remarks at the birth of the last: "The only time I get my boots off is when I lay down to have another". Mr. Hooks, asked how long it was since he stole biscuits as a boy from the bushmen, replies: "Fifty, sixty years maybe". And although at one point she seems to believe that a shagskin dress bullet, she has the familiarity with outdoor

life, the casual acceptance of the contingent, the tendency to see comedy in setback and even danger, on which New Zealanders like to pride themselves.

It is perhaps her share of this national tendency to make the best of things that accounts for a passing suspicion in the mind of at least one reader that everything about life in the Islands cannot be quite as Arcadian as it seems in her pages. Yet the people she talks to are often enough on record as infinitely preferring their life to the vainly busy existence of those who dwell in cities. And it is clear that the islands off Auckland are not being bled of their inhabitants as are the islands off the west of Ireland or Scotland. But then there is a world of difference not only in the climate but also in the trouble the respective governments take to provide essential medical and other services.

The book is copiously illustrated with excellent photographs taken by Mr. Whyte, often Miss Maddock's companion on her expeditions, and the Japanese printers have done well, apart from rather too many misprints.

Hung Kong University Press have issued an offset reprint of Dark Bodde's *China's First Capital*, a study of the Ch'in Dynasty as seen in the life of Li Shih, which was first published by Brill of Leiden in 1938. It is distributed by Oxford University Press at 2s.

ON SHORE

STAN HUGILL: *Sailortown.* 360pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.

When a seaman under sail came ashore at a flourishing port he found behind his docks a community highly organized for his entertainment. His needs—women, booze, loud conviviality—were so elementary as to be almost independent of where the port was, his voyage there, the colour of his skin or the language he spoke. They were supplied as briefly as possible and at the highest possible price. He often woke to find himself stripped of his possessions and outward bound again against his will; sometimes the price was violent death.

Such is generically the Sailortown of Mr. Hugill's long, learned and, for the common reader, rather tedious history. It will be welcomed by marine historians in search of accurate details about crimps and whores, and by residents of seaports with a particular interest in what used to go on near dockside. From a long experience as a seaman and a wide reading in Jack's often lamentable adventures ashore Mr. Hugill has written a worldwide survey of

Sailortown. He furnishes it amply with street maps, with his own drawings of its rip-roaring social scenes and with scraps of those sea shanties that are tuned toward the delights of respite from the sea.

Each chapter is dense with the names of streets, alleys and dives, boarding and bawdy houses; pimps, dives and dancing halls; violent, notorious or plain evil characters, male and female. He has so many facts to deliver about the various guises in which violence and greed preyed upon lust and drunkenness that he can seldom pause to fill his page with real people or the real life that must have flourished between the fleeced and the fleecer.

This is a remarkably readable book about a most disreputable subject. It might have been a shorter, much more amusing one. But it is still very difficult to write popularly about the unedifying without lifting it out of the bad smell of its subject with a more liberal dose of disinterested than Mr. Hugill employs.

CHINA SEAFARING

G. R. G. WORCESTER: *Sail and Sweep in China.* 146pp. and 13 plates. H.M. Stationery Office. 28s. 6d.

The maritime achievements of the Chinese people are little known: such sound information as we have of their junks and sampans, we owe largely to the foresight of the late Sir Frederick Maze. As Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, he was deeply interested in Chinese native sailing craft and presented many beautiful scale models of these rapidly vanishing vessels to the Science Museum in London. He also made it possible for one of his officers, Mr. Worcester, to travel widely all over China to study junks such as the Antung trader, the Swatow fisherman, the Amoy fishing junk and the crooked-stern junk.

This was particularly fortunate, for the old China has now gone forever and as Mr. Worcester says:

"The 'Wind of Change' in China has been blowing at typhoon force. In a decade this wonderful country, once the most conservative in the world, with thousands of years of civilization behind her, has seemed to change, not only her way of life, but also her very character. Pious Piety, the Doctrine of the Mean, Culture and time-honoured beliefs are now not only well out of fashion, but like so many of the old ships, have disappeared; and with them has gone much that was colourful, picturesque and often happy."

There are twenty-seven fairly detailed descriptions of sea-going, marine and riverine craft ranging from large, traders to sampans and junks; most of them are illustrated with photographs of the models in the Science Museum. Now that the old China has gone forever, it is good to have this charming record of quaint and fast-disappearing sailing craft.

GEOGRAPHER'S GALLERY

T. W. FREEMAN: *The Geographer's Craft.* 204pp. Manchester University Press. 25s.

This book parallels Marc Bloch's study of *The Historian's Craft* published by the same press ten years ago. Its author, T. W. Freeman, is wise enough to admit that it cannot claim to be an adequate complement to Bloch's work. By a similar token, it would not be easy for a geographer to complement E. H. Carr's *What is History?*, though he has much to learn from it about the nature of his own subject. In fact Mr. Freeman's introductory and concluding chapters, which touch upon the practice of geography, are not equal in strength to most of those which deal with his chosen group of practitioners. For, strictly speaking, this is not a book about the geographer's craft, but about seven geographical craftsmen of varying endowments. Each has a label tied to him—Francis Galton, a Victorian geographer (in new addition to the ranks of adjectival geographers); Vidal de la Blache, a regional and human geographer; Jovan Cvijic, a reluctant political geographer; Ellsworth Hun-

tington, a student of civilization; Steadto Geer, a practical geographer; P. M. Roxby and A. O. Griffith, two recent British geographers. The seven are selected for the character of their approach to the subject rather than for their status in it. Their careers also serve to demonstrate how frequently the powerful influences in contemporary academic geography derive from practitioners trained in cognate disciplines. By any standards, the "craftsmen" are distinguished by considerable qualities of imagination. For example, Francis Galton, a grand amateur, deserves to be known better by geographers—least by the current school of quantitative and model-makers. There is always room for the provocative flights of fancy of men such as Ellsworth Huntington, who was a kind of geographical Toynbee. T. W. Freeman's gallery of geographical portraits represents a highly valuable choice, but it stimulates the cause it is so personal, the reader immediately asks himself: "What seven he would choose."

Religion

DAVID G. LEONARD: *A History of Protestantism. Vol. II: The Establishment.* Edited by H. H. Rowley. Translated by R. M. Bethell. 507pp. Nelson. £6 6s.

The second part of the Protestant story is less exciting than the first. There is "yet more light", there is yet more dark so that this is a story of stark chiaroscuro, of which the Reformation is the emblem. The pioneers—Luther and Melancthon—were the prophets before the masses; and Lutheranism; Zwingli into Calvin; Calvin into Beza, and both into the Reformed churches. In Scotland, it is John Knox into Andrew Melville and doctrinaire Presbyterianism; in England Parker and Whitgift into Bancroft. Protestantism continues now come to the surface: William of Paris left over the new Protestant orthodoxy become as rigid as anything in late scholasticism. Above all, it is the Age of Zeal, where Protestantism follows the model of the Tridentine Pope with its massive threefold regime of repression—the Iron Curtain, the Closed Shop and the Party Line. An age of anathemas and analogues whose motto might have

been: "In necessary things, obedience; in doubtful things, intolerance; in all things, zeal." To the hard words, of theologians, add the evil deeds of the religious wars which, in spite of a high non-theological content, have enough to do with an added Christianity to provide one major cause of modern unbelief and indifference.

Eppur si muove! At times Professor Leonard's narrative is choked with names and books and deeds, saints and statesmen, immortal classics of the mind and soul, deeds of sublime fortitude and courage. Much as we may deplore some features of Protestant orthodoxy in Germany and Holland, there is here the clue to why, after three centuries, Anglo-Saxon theology is so far behind in technical intricacy and profound debate. And there is an impressive counterpoint: Professor Leonard, who likes to tilt at modern ecumenicity, draws the picture of the men of the age of Jablonski and Dury and Comenius, who tried to mend the breaches in the Protestant wall. And there is more than we might expect

of sweet reasonableness, beside the acid erenicism of a Baxter or the sublimely intolerant plen of Milton for religious liberty. Two stories Professor Leonard tells finely, that of Protestant Holland in its glorious hour, and the long, sober and tragic story of French Protestantism from the Huguenot might to the pitiful and shameful period of the "dragées noires". The vast bibliographies have once again been purged and overseen almost impeccably by Professor H. H. Rowley.

Alas, that more remains to be said about this important work. Professor Leonard's writing falters and fails when he turns to England, and what he has to say is ill-proportioned, scrappy and often inaccurate. He has an odd way of picking on one man: Robert Browne (the whole situation is altered after 1593 because Browne has calmed down) or Lancelot Andrewes (who directed the King James Bible), while, in contrast to his account of French Protestantism, he exaggerates grotesquely Calvin's influence on the English Reformation.

Even more unfortunate is the effect of the translation of this volume into

what one must surmise is historians' American, which makes it (like the first volume, in the French) almost a curiosity, in the grim succession from Croker's Boswell. Foxe's reference to a "multitude of True Professors" becomes ironically true in these pages where almost any Protestant who has been at Cambridge or Oxford becomes automatically a professor. John Whitgift is described as "Principal of Trinity College, Primate of England", Wotton as Headmaster of Eton, Cecil as Supreme Treasurer. We have Nicholas Ferrar of Huntingdon and a whole crop of misprints and errors about Daniel Brevint. A misreading of the original leads to the statement that there were 277 Catholic martyrs in the reign of Edward VI. The normal uses of English textbooks are ignored, so that we have throughout (even in England in 1662) "Saint Barthélémy" for Saint Bartholomew's Day; and on the one occasion when it is Anglicized it is misspelled. John a Lasco becomes, successively, Johann Laski, Johannes a Lasco, and John Lasco; and the Elector John Frederick gets the worst of both worlds as Johann Frederick. Long and difficult French words

are just left, so that among words hitherto mercifully absent from our tongue are manuduction, carnification, and "certificates of residence". This is not to mention "cat's laying duck's eggs" rendered here as "eggs of cane". In scores of places the translation is wooden almost to the point of unintelligibility. The book has the overall title of "The Establishment", but it may be questioned whether this really is what the author means or a fair description of the period, which is rather the establishing and settling of Protestantism. And it ends with what is called a "Bibliography of the Refuge"—a phrase unknown to English history books—which, according to the list of contents, refers to refugees from persecution in the seventeenth century. It is a pity that the value of this second volume is so impaired, for as it stands it cannot rank with the first, or be safely put into the hands of indiscriminating students.

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Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Chairman: The Marquis of Normandy

Because she is blind...

she has to read by touch...

Just think what a wonderful blessing the National Library for the Blind is to those of all ages who depend on it for the free loan of specially prepared books in Braille and Morse. It helps us to give them the books they need.

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